A SUMMER ROMANCE.

They met to-day at luncheon, and immense
was their surprise!
'Twas hard for them to comprehend the
scene before their eyes,
For only just a week ago they parted with
a tear,
And neither dreamed of meeting, face to
face, the other, here.

'Twas at a cheap seaside resort their
friendship first began;
She was a cultured heiress, he a wealthy
nobleman.
And side by side they strolled about the
happy, wave-washed sands
Till fate or fortune called them home to
widely different lands.

He o'er the sea to sunny France must sadly
sail away,
Through California's orange groves she
all alone must stray;
But since vacation days are o'er—be still,
oh, troubled heart!—
They're clerking in department stores
about a block apart.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

PART II.

THE SEA COOK.

CHAPTER VII.

I GO TO BRISTOL.

It was longer than the squire imagined ere we were ready for the sea, and none of our first plans—not even Dr. Livesey's, of keeping me beside him—could be carried out as we intended. The doctor had to go to London for a physician to take charge of his practice; the squire was hard at work at Bristol; and I lived on at the Hall under the charge of old Redruth, the gamekeeper, almost a prisoner but full of sea dreams and the most charming anticipations of strange islands and adventures. I brooded by the hour together over the map, all the details of which I well remembered. Sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room, I approached that island in my fancy, from every possible direction; I explored every acre of its surface; I climbed a thousand times to that tall hill they call the Spy-glass, and from the top enjoyed the most wonderful and changing prospects. Sometimes the isle was thick with savages, with whom we fought; sometimes full of dangerous animals that hunted us; but in all my fancies nothing occurred to me so strange and tragic as our actual adventures.

So the weeks passed on, till one fine day there came a letter addressed to Dr. Livesey, with this addition: "To be opened in the case of his absence by Tom Redruth, or young Hawkins." Obeying this order we found, or rather I found—for the gamekeeper was a poor hand at reading anything but print—the following important news:

"Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March 1, 17—.

"Dear Livesey: As I do not know whether you are at the Hall or still in London, I send this in double to both places.

"The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner—a child might sail her—two hundred tons; name, 'Hispaniola.'

"I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has proved himself throughout the most surprising trump. The admirable fellow literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did every one in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for—treasure, I mean."

"Redruth," said I, interrupting the letter, "Dr. Livesey will not like that. The squire has been talking after all."

"Well, who's got a better right?" growled the gamekeeper. "A pretty rum go if squire ain't to talk for Dr. Livesey, I should think."

At that I gave up all attempts at commentary, and read straight on:

"Blandly himself found the 'Hispaniola,' and by the most admirable management got her for the merest trifle. There is a class of men in Bristol monstrously prejudiced against Blandly. They go the length of declaring that this honest creature would do anything for money, that the 'Hispaniola' belonged to him and that he sold it me absurdly high—the most transparent calumnies. None of them dare, however, to deny the merits of the ship.

"So far there was not a hitch. The workpeople to be sure—riggers and what not—were most annoyingly slow; but time cured that. It was the crew that troubled me.

"I wished a round score of men—in case of natives, buccaneers, or the odious French—and I had the worry of the deuce itself to find so much as half a dozen, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required.

"I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him. I found he was an old sailor, kept a public house, knew all the seafaring men in Bristol, had lost his health ashore, and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

"I was monstrously touched—so would you have been—and, out of pure pity, I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a recommendation, since he lost it in his country's service, under the immortal Hawke. He has no pension, Livesey. Imagine the abominable age we live in!

"Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable—not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a frigate.

"Long John even got rid of two out of the six or seven I had already engaged. He showed me in a moment that they were just the sort of fresh-water swabs we had to fear in an adventure of importance.

"I am in the most magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till I hear my old tarpaulins tramping round the capstan. Seaward ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come post; do not lose an hour, if you respect me.

"Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

"JOHN TRELAWNEY.

"P. S.—I did not tell you that Blandly, who, by the way, is to send a consort after us if we don't turn up by the end of August, had found an admirable fellow for sailing-master—a stiff man, which I regret, but, in all other respects, a treasure. Long John Silver unearthed a very competent man for a mate, a man named Arrow. I have a boatswain who pipes, Livesey; so things shall go man-o'-war fashion on board the good ship 'Hispaniola.'

"I forgot to tell you that Silver is a man of substance; I know of my own knowledge that he has a banker's account, which has never been overdrawn. He leaves his wife to manage the inn; and as she is a woman of color, a pair of old bachelors like you and I may be excused for guessing that it is the wife, quite as much as the health, that sends him back to roving. J. T.

"P. P. S.—Hawkins may stay one night with his mother. J. T."

You can fancy the excitement into which that letter put me. I was half beside myself with glee; and if ever I despised a man, it was old Tom Redruth, who could do nothing but grumble and lament. Any of the under gamekeepers would gladly have changed places with him; but such was not the squire's pleasure, and the squire's pleasure was like law among them all. Nobody but old Redruth would have dared so much as even to grumble.

The next morning he and I set out on foot for the Admiral Benbow, and there I found my mother in good health and spirits. The captain, who had so long been a cause of so much discomfort, was gone where the wicked cease from troubling. The squire had had everything repaired, and the public rooms and the sign repainted, and had added some furniture—above all a beautiful armchair for mother in the bar. He had found her a boy as an apprentice also, so that she should not want help while I was gone.

It was on seeing that boy that I understood, for the first time, my situation. I had thought up to that moment of the adventures before me, not at all of the home that I was leaving; and now, at sight of this clumsy stranger, who was to stay here in my place beside my mother, I had my first attack of tears. I am afraid I led that boy a dog's life, for he was new to the work. I had a hundred opportunities of setting him right and putting him down, and I was not slow to profit by them.

The night passed, and the next day, after dinner, Redruth and I were afoot again and on the road. I said good-by to mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old Admiral Benbow—since he was repainted, no longer quite so dear. One of my last thoughts was of the captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his cocked hat, his saber-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope. Next moment we had turned the corner, and my home was out of sight.

The mail picked us up about dusk at the Royal George, on the heath. I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman, and in spite of the swift motion and the cold night air, I must have dozed a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log uphill and down dale through stage after stage; for when I was awakened, at last, it was by a punch in the ribs, and I opened my eyes to find that we were standing still before a large building in a city street, and that the day had already broken a long time.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom. "Get down."

Mr. Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks, to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we had now to walk, and our way, to my great delight, lay along the quays and beside the great multitude of ships of all sizes and rigs and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work; in another, there were men aloft, high over my head, hanging to threads that seemed no thicker than a spider's. Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figureheads, that had all been far over the ocean. I saw, besides, many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarry pig-tails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea-walk; and if I had seen as many kings or archbishops I could not have been more delighted.

And I was going to sea myself; to sea in a schooner, with a piping boatswain, and pig-tailed singing seamen; to sea, bound for an unknown island, and to seek for buried treasure.

While I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a large inn, and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea officer, in stout blue cloth, coming out of the door with a smile on his face, and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk.

"Here you are," he cried, "and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo—the ship's company complete!"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" says he. "We sail to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPYGLASS.

When I had done breakfasting, the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the Spyglass, and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks, and keeping a bright outlook for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for a sign. I set off, overjoyed at this opportunity to see some more of the ships and seamen, and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, for the dock was now at its busiest, until I found the tavern in question.

It was a bright enough little place of entertainment. The sign was newly painted; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded. There was a street on either side, and an open door on both, which made the large, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of tobacco smoke.

The customers were mostly seafaring men; and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the most favored of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old Benbow. But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog and the blind man Pew, and I thought I knew what a buccaneer was like—a very different creature, according to me, from this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord.

I plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he; "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?" And when he saw the squire's letter, he seemed to me to give something almost like a start.

"Oh!" said he, quite aloud, and offering his hand, "I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you."

And he took my hand in his large firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made for the door. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry had attracted my notice, and I recognized him at a glance. It was the tallow-faced man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the Admiral Benbow.

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! it's Black Dog!"

"I don't care two coppers who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up and started in pursuit.

"If he were Admiral Hawke he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand, "who did you say he was?" he asked. "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan—an old, gray-haired mahogany-faced sailor—came forward pretty sheepishly, rolling his quid.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John, very sternly; "you never clapped your eyes

"Oh!" I cried; "stop him! it's Black Dog."

on that Black—Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan, with a salute.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you!" exclaimed the landlord. "If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," answered Morgan.

"Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye?" cried Long John. "Don't rightly know, don't you? Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come now, what was he jawing—v'yages, cap'ns, ships? Pipe up? What was it?"

"We was a-talkin' of keel-hauling," answered Morgan.

"Keel-hauling, was you? and a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a confidential whisper, that was very flattering, as I thought:

"He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, only stupid. And now," he ran on again, aloud, "let's see—Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've—yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used."

"That he did, you may be sure," said I. "I knew that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! That were his name for certain. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen run better than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the powers! He talked o' keel-hauling, did he? I'll keel haul him!"

All the time he was jerking out these phrases he was stumping up and down the tavern on his crutch, slapping tables with his hand, and giving such a show of excitement as would have convinced an Old Bailey judge or a Bow street runner. My suspicions had been thoroughly reawakened on finding Black Dog at the Spyglass, and I watched the cook narrowly. But he was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and by the time the two men had come back out of breath, and confessed that they had lost the track in a crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver.

"See here, now, Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney—what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking of my own rum! Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here I let him give us all the slip before my blessed dead-lights! Now, Hawkins, you do me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when you first came in. Now, here it is: What could I do, with this old timber I hobble on? When I was an A B master mariner I'd have come up alongside of him, hand over hand, and broached him to in a brace of old shakes, I would; and now—"

And then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and his jaw dropped as though he had remembered something.

"The score!" he burst out. "Three goes o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers, if I hadn't forgotten my score!"

And, falling on a bench, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I could not help joining; and we laughed, together, peal after peal, until the tavern rang again.

"Why, what a precious old sea-calf I am!" he said, at last, wiping his cheeks. "You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy I should be rated ship's boy. But, come, now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cocked hat, and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For, mind you, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor me's come out of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you, neither, says you; not smart—none of the pair of us smart. But dash my buttons! that was a good 'un about my score."

And he began to laugh again, and that so heartily that, though I did not see the joke as he did, I was again obliged to join him in his mirth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ENGLISH GALLANT.

A Man of Fashion of the Elizabethan Era.

Glancing across the surface of everyday life in the Elizabethan days of robust manhood, it is interesting to notice the lively, childlike simplicity of manners, the love of showy, brilliant colors worn by both sexes, and to compare these charming characteristics with the sober habiliments and reserved manners of the present day. Here is an example of the man of fashion, the beau-ideal of the metropolis, as he sallies forth into the city to parade himself in the favorite mart of fashionable loungers, St. Paul's churchyard. His beard, if he have one, is on the wane, but his mustaches are cultivated and curled at the points, and himself redolent with choicest perfumes.

Costly jewels decorate his ears; a gold brooch of rarest workmanship fastens his bright scarlet cloak, which is thrown carelessly over his left shoulder, for he is most anxious to exhibit to the utmost advantage the rich hatchings of his silver-hilted rapier and dagger, the exquisite cut of his doublet (shorn of its skirts) and trunk hose. His hair, cropped close from the top of the head down the back, hangs in long love-locks on the sides. His hat, which was then really new in the country, having supplanted the woolen cap or hood, is thrown jauntily on one side; it is high and tapering toward the crown, and has a band around it, richly adorned with precious stones, or by goldsmith's work, and this gives a support to one of the finest of plumes.—Nineteenth Century.

What Was Hurt.

Many stories are told of the witty retorts made by a certain judge who died a few years ago, and among them is one which proves that his wit did not desert him in the most trying circumstances. One day as he was walking down the steps which led from his town house he slipped, lost his footing and fell with many thumps and bumps to the bottom. A passer-by hurried up to the judge as the latter slowly rose to his feet. "I trust your honor is not seriously hurt?" he said, in anxious inquiry. "My honor is not at all hurt," returned the judge, with a rueful expression, "but my elbows and knees are, I can assure you!"—Tit-Bits.

A Thing to Boast Of.

Schoolfellows learn each other's failings, if nothing else, and recall after years of separation the characteristic things about an old seatmate.

Two men who had been at school together when they were boys met and talked of old times.

"By the way," said one, "I saw Smith when I was out at Seattle."

"Did you? And what was he bragging about when you saw him?"

"He was bragging about his modesty just at that moment."

"Dear old Smith! Just like him!"—Youth's Companion.

No Monotony.

According to the statement of the ten-year-old daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman there are ways of making an old sermon seem almost new. "Molly," said one of the friends of this young critic, "does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?" "I think perhaps he does," returned Molly, cautiously, "but I think he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't sound the same at all."—Youth's Companion.

Knew His Ways.

"Why do you say we are perfectly safe if we elope on a railroad train."

"Because papa won't pursue us until he can get a pass."—Chicago Record.

—Suffering loses all its charms for a woman if she has to do it in silence.—Chicago News.

Popular Science

BREAD OF NATIONS.

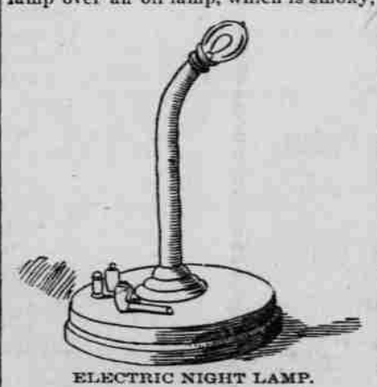
How the Staff of Life Is Made Among Various Civilized and Semi-Civilized Nations.

It is a curious and interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. In this country, where good bread, made from spring and fall wheat flour, is within reach of all, rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, the inhabitants of only a small portion of the earth's surface enjoy such food. In the remoter part of Sweden the poor make and bake their rye bread twice a year and store the loaves away, so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Further north still bread is made from barley and oats. In Lapland oats, with the inner bark of the pine, are used. The two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes, cooked in a pan over a fire. In dreary Kamchatka pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread food. The Icelander scrapes the "Iceland moss" off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves for both bread and puddings. In some parts of Siberia, China and other eastern countries a fairly palatable bread is made from buckwheat. In parts of Italy chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal and used for making bread. Durra, a variety of millet, is much used in the countries of India, Egypt, Arabia and Asia Minor for making bread. Rice bread is the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese and a large portion of the inhabitants of India. In Persia the bread is made from rice flour and milk; it is called "lawash." The Persian oven is built in the ground, about the size of a barrel. The sides are smooth mason work. The fire is built at the bottom and kept burning until the walls or sides of the oven are thoroughly heated. Enough dough to form a sheet about one foot wide and about two feet long is thrown on the bench and rolled until about as thin as sole leather, then it is taken up and tossed and rolled from one arm to the other and flung on the board and slapped on the side of the oven. It takes only a few moments to bake, and when baked it is spread out to cool. This bread is cheap (one cent a sheet); it is sweet and nourishing. A specimen of the "hunger bread" from Armenia is made of clover seed, flax or linseed meal, mixed with edible grass. In the Molucca islands the starchy pith of the sago palm furnishes a white, floury meal. This is made up into flat, oblong loaves, which are baked in curious little ovens, each being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves. Bread is also made from roots in some parts of Africa and South America. It is made from manico tubers. These roots are a deadly poison if eaten in the raw state, but make a good food if properly prepared. To prepare it for bread the roots are soaked for several days in water, thus washing out the poison; the fibers are picked out, dried and ground into flour. This is mixed with milk, if obtainable; if not, water is used. The dough is formed into little round loaves and baked in hot ashes or dried in the sun.—Sanitary Record.

LITTLE BATTERY LAMP.

It Is Worked by a Switch and Can Be Lighted and Extinguished Without Any Exertion.

A handsome little battery lamp has just been put on the market, which is intended for use in sleeping rooms. The advantage of an electric night lamp over an oil lamp, which is smoky,



ELECTRIC NIGHT LAMP.

emits carbonic acid and consumes the oxygen of the air, are undisputed. This electric lamp, which can be placed near the clock on a table, has a switch attached to its base and can therefore be lighted and extinguished at will. Dry batteries are used for the lamp, which will last a year without attention.

Between Man and the Bat.

J. Carter Beard shows how, by drawing an imaginary line from the heel through the ear, the characteristic attitude of various mammals may be illustrated. Man alone habitually stands erect, with his head toward the zenith. The exact antithesis of man in this respect is the bat, which, when at rest, habitually remains suspended in a vertical direction, with the head toward the center of the earth. Between these two extremes all the other mammals are ranged, apes and monkeys approaching nearest to man, moles being horizontal, and sloths approaching the reversed position of the bat.

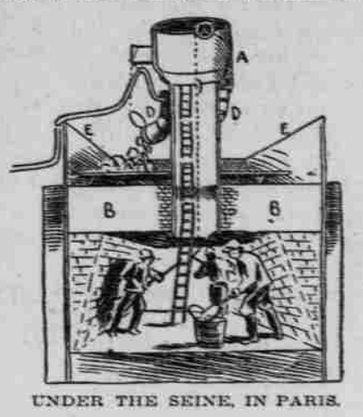
Scotch Are Brainy People.

The average weight of the brain of a Scotchman is larger than that of any other race on the globe.

WORK FACING DEATH.

Men Engaged in the Building of Bridges Must Be Prepared to Meet the Inevitable Any Time.

Divers are not the only workers under water. The men who lay the foundations of big bridges have tasks as difficult and hazardous. They are aface with death every moment. The history of every big bridge that has been built includes a record of mortality that is frightful and shuddersome, principally among the caisson workers. These men toil in compressed air with tons of masonry (B B) resting on the steel roof over their heads and pressing down inch by inch and foot by foot into the bed of the river as the workers clear



UNDER THE SEINE, IN PARIS.

the way for it, the removed soil being carried up and disposed of through the shoots (D D). Entrance to the caisson is by the small air-tight door A. Another air-tight door communicates with the working chamber. The men do not leave the A chamber until the air pressure there is the same as that below—sufficient to counterbalance the weight of the water outside and prevent it from penetrating the working level. The picture here used shows the interior of a caisson under the Seine, in Paris, where a bridge is building which will be one of the approaches to the 1900 exhibition.

DANGERS OF FRICTION.

Combustible Gas and Air Mixtures Are Often Ignited by Even Very Faint Electric Sparks.

A recent accident in London has called attention to a hitherto little suspected source of danger—that attending friction or rubbing of any kind in the neighborhood of an inflammable vapor. Rubbing often generates electricity, and the minutest of electric sparks, too small to be seen or even to betray itself by the slightest snapping or crackling, may set fire to a vapor. In the case alluded to, a spark from the friction of a hairdresser's hand on his patron's head set fire to the vapor of a hair-wash containing kerosene. Lord Kelvin, referring to the subject shortly after the accident, spoke warningly of the readiness with which combustible gas and air mixtures are ignited by even very faint electric sparks. He said:

"This readiness to ignite is illustrated in elementary lectures on electricity by Volta's camera—a little varnished brass gun mounted on a glass pillar, and having a wide touch-hole plugged with sealing wax, in the center of which is mounted a brass wire carrying a little brass knob outside, and projecting inside to within one-twentieth of an inch of the end of another brass wire fixed to the metal of the gun. The gun is filled with an explosive mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, and its muzzle is plugged with a cork. The varnished outside is struck with a piece of catskin, and, thus electrified, the gun is left insulated on its glass pillar. To fire it, all that is necessary is to touch the projecting knob with the finger. This causes discharge of the electricity by two exceedingly faint sparks, one barely if at all perceptible by the fingers before contact with the knob outside, the other in the one-twentieth of an inch air space within the explosive mixture inside. A loud explosion is heard, and the cork is projected with sufficient violence to tear a canvas picture if it chances to touch one.

"Ignition of vapor of bronze by an electric spark is well known to dyers in their process of cleaning silks and other fabrics by boiling large caldrons of liquid benzine. When the goods are taken out of the caldron and spread out to dry on a table, explosions have often taken place, and there can be little question that an electric spark, caused by some slight friction between dried or partially dried portions of the fabrics, is the incendiary."

All of which goes to show that friction of any kind should be avoided when inflammable liquids are about.—Cassier's Magazine.

Breathing Solid Dust.

An aeronaut says that there is the same difference in the air at the earth's surface and at an altitude of half a mile that there is between water in a muddy puddle and the purest spring water. He states that for a time one feels, after coming down from an ascent, as if one were breathing "solid dust."

No Telephones in Turkey.

Turkey and Greece are the only European countries into which the telephone has not yet been introduced. Sweden has the largest number of telephones per capita of any country in the world, have one to every 113 persons, and Switzerland comes next with one for every 129.

Hot-Water Lamp Posts.

Hot-water lamp posts, with which Liverpool is already familiar, are soon to be erected in four different parts of London. A gallon of water boiled by the heat of the ordinary gas lamp will be supplied, day and night, for a half penny, on the penny-in-the-slot principle.